

THE LONDONDERRY SIFTER.

"When yellow sands are sifted from below, the glittering billows give a golden show."

VOL. I. NO. 5.

SO. LONDONDERRY, VT., FRIDAY, JAN. 4, 1884.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Londonderry Sifter,
An Independent Republican
Newspaper,
Issued Every Friday Morning from
SIFTER OFFICE,
SO. LONDONDERRY, VT.

TERMS: The Londonderry, VT., SIFTER
will be furnished to all subscribers, everywhere,
at the extremely low price of One Dollar per
annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Fifty cents per inch, first insertion, 25 cents
for each additional insertion. Nothing in-
serted for less than 50 cents.
Additional information furnished upon ap-
plication. Births, Marriages and Deaths
published free. Ordinary Notices, Cards of
Thanks, etc., 50 cents to \$1.00.
Address all communications to
"SIFTER OFFICE,"
So. Londonderry, Vt.

Entered at the Post-Office at South
Londonderry, as second-class matter.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. E. CUDWORTH,
LAWYER.
Office nearly opposite to Peabody House,
SO. LONDONDERRY, VT.

OSCAR A. TANNER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Civil, Criminal and General Practice.
JAMAICA, VT.

PEABODY HOUSE.
H. O. Peabody, Proprietor.
SO. LONDONDERRY, VT.

D. B. GODDARD,
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Office at resi-
dence.
SO. LONDONDERRY, VT.

N. P. WOOD, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence next door north of Post-
office.
SO. LONDONDERRY, VT.

R. S. WILBUR,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.
Repairing a Specialty.
SO. LONDONDERRY, VT.

W. W. PIERCE,
MANUFACTURER OF BUTTER TUBS.
Custom Planing and Jobbing.
SO. LONDONDERRY, VT.

H. D. TYLER,
House, Carriage, Sign and Ornamental Painter.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
SO. LONDONDERRY, VT.

F. S. BROWN,
Painter and Paper-Hanger,
SO. LONDONDERRY, VT.

William A. Shattuck,
Dealer in Flour, Meal, Pork, Grain, Hardware, Pottery,
Saw Mill, Oil, Lard, Graham Flour, etc., at Grand Mill,
SO. LONDONDERRY, VT.

Melendy Brothers,
UNDERTAKERS,
South Londonderry, Vt.

DAVID BRYANT,
HOUSE PAINTER,
SOUTH LONDONDERRY, VT.

Whitewashing done to order.

JONAS HILL,

DEALER IN

FLOUR, MEAL, PORK,

LARD, SALT, FISH, Etc.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

Bondville, Vt.

Joseph St. Onge,

Carriage and Sleigh Maker,

At the old Whitman & Goddard stand,

So. Londonderry, Vt.

All work warranted equal to the best.

Repairing a Specialty.

JOB PRINTING--CARD PRINTING.

Having recently refitted my office with a
good assortment of large Job Type, I would in-
form all that I am enabled to print anything,
from a visiting card to a medium-sized poster,
at prices that defy competition. I will send
50 fine chromo cards for 10c.; 25 best chromo
cards, 15c.; 12 slipper cards, 15c.; 50 genuine
transparent, 25c.; 72 gold and United Bristol,
damask, etc., 15c.; 12 "Hidden Name," 35c.—
best card out. Try me before sending else-
where; it will do you good.

H. E. MUNDELL, Jamaica, Vt.

SIFTER

Job Printing

OFFICE

So. Londonderry, Vt.

AUCTION BILLS A SPECIALTY.

All patrons get the benefit of a

Local Notice in "SIFTER" FREE.

**RICHARDSON
& LEONARD,**

[AT THE OLD ARNOLD STAND.]

LONDONDERRY, VT.,

Invite particular attention to
their large and varied as-
sortment of

Christmas

—AND—

Holiday Goods

The largest and nicest Stock of

Jewelry and Silver-Ware,

in this section. Consisting of

Rogers' Silver Knives and Forks, 4

and 5 Bottle-Casters, Single &

Double Pickle Castors, Cake

Baskets, Butter Dishes, Table,

Dessert and Tea Spoons, Child's

Sets, Sugar Spoons, Fruit Knives,

Nut Picks, Napkin Rings, Gents'

and Ladies' Roll-Plate Vest and

Neck Chains, Solid Gold and

Plated Rings, Charms, Gold and

Silver Watches,

CLOCKS, PINS, &c.

Ladies' Dressing Cases, Photograph

Albums, from 75 cts. to \$5. Anti-

ograph Albums, Bibles, Papeteries,

Perfumery, Cut-Glass Bottles,

Vases, Gents', Ladies' & Children's

China Cups and Saucers, Mugs,

Hand-Mirrors, Nice Stock of Christ-

mas Cards, Diaries, Dolls, Domi-

noes, Alphabet Blocks, Children's

Tea Sets.

Shawls, Buffalo & Wolf

Robes,

Large lot of Horse Blankets, direct

from manufacturers, which will

be sold very low. Flannel Dress

Goods, Black Cashmeres. Large

stock of Prints, Cottons and Flan-

nels. Hemp, Straw and Oil-Cloth

Carpetings, Crockery, Glass Ware,

Hanging Lamps. Big stock of

The Fountain of Life.
The Fountain of Life! It sparkles,
Its diamond jets on high,
Till its waters, clear and pure,
Reflect on the azure sky.
The Graybeard sits and watches
His treasures with jealous care,
Watches and waits for visitors—
Visitors pure and rare.
For he who would drink of the fountain
Must pass the portal of bliss;
His passage is rock and agony,
Surrounded by precipice.
And he who would drink of its waters
That sparkle so clear and high
Must live the life of the righteous,
For the righteous never die.
—Philadelphia Call.

JOAB'S RUSE.

It was a bleak, bitterly cold Decem-

ber night. The frozen boughs of the

buttonball-tree rattled in the keen

blast. The ground was tight-fettered

in a cruel blanket frost.

Now and then the sickly moon

struggled through the bars of cloud,

illuminating the dreary landscape for

an instant, and then, as if discouraged,

vanished once again into the black,

vaporous masses.

Joab Millson sat before the fire,

looking into its blazing heart. A

feeble candle burned on the table, but

otherwise the farmhouse kitchen was

quite dark.

There was a tall, wooden clock in

one corner, garlanded with the bitter-

sweet berries which had not yet lost

their autumn splendor, and a monster

Jerusalem cherry tree, studded with

tiny scarlet globes, occupied the win-

dow.

And honest Joab had just laid aside

the last week's paper, with his specta-
cle on top of it, as his wife came down

stairs.

He looked up.

"Well," said he, "how is she?"

"She's dead," said Mrs. Millson.

"Dear dear!" said the kind-hearted

old farmer. "Dead, is she? And poor

little Iris—what is to become of her?"

"I think you'd a great deal better

say 'poor me,' exclaimed Mrs. Millson,

frowning into a chair, in extreme irri-

tation, "with three weeks' board un-

paid and not a cent left!"

"Not a cent, eh?" repeated Mr. Mil-

lson.

"She told me a deal just before she

died," said the farmer's wife. "She ran

away from her friends to marry Iris'

father, and he died and left her when

Iris was a baby. And then her folks

wouldn't have anything more to say to

her. And she has supported the child

ever since, the best she could."

"Poor thing!" repeated Joab, whose

heart was as gentle as his manners,

were uncouth. "I might ha' knowned

from the haggard look in her face that

she had seen trouble."

"Three weeks' board, to say nothing

of the medicines I paid for, and the

doctor's bill!" said Mrs. Millson.

"Folks oughtn't to be sick if they can't

pay their way! It's what I call down-

right swindling!"

"Where is Iris?" asked Joab.

"Asleep, upstairs."

"Don't she know her mother is dead?"

"No!" she snapped retorted Mrs. Mil-

lson. "Where was the use of calling

her? Ain't there trouble and confu-

sion enough a'ready?"

"Poor dear!" said Joab, mechanically

rubbing his knees—"poor dear! It'll

be a blow to her."

"I shall see Mr. Griggett up at the

asylum, to-morrow," said Mrs. Mil-

lson. "Of course, the town will bury Mrs.

Brooke."

"That's 'most a pity, ain't it, my

dear?" said Joab. "She was a proud-

spirited creature, that Mrs. Brooke."

"Poor folks ha'n't no business to be

proud," said Mrs. Millson.

"Rebecca," said the farmer insinuat-

ingly, "couldn't we—"

"No, we couldn't!" sharply inter-

rupted his wife. "We indeed!—with

that thousand dollars we owe to Mun-

son Miner, and the mortgage on the

farm eating up our means as fast as

ever it can. Haven't we done enough

for this woman a'ready?"

"She paid her board as long as she

could," mildly expostulated Millson.

"Then she'd ought to have left off

livin' when she couldn't pay her way

no longer," said Mrs. Millson.

"Yes, but—"

"I've made up my mind," shortly

enunciated Mrs. Millson. "This here

house ain't a free charity. I shall see

the selectmen to-morrow, and Mr.

Griggett into the bargain. I don't

suppose I'll ever get that board money,

but I don't mean to throw another

cent after it."

At that moment a little, shivering,

white-robed figure appeared at the

door—the figure of a child of ten, with

auburn gold hair streaming down her

back, large blue eyes, and cheeks crim-

soned with grief and terror.

"Mamma!" she cried. "I dreamed

that mamma called me!—and I

won't let me into the room! Oh, Mrs.

Millson, is she dead?"

"Iris, go back to your room at once!"

said Mrs. Millson sharply. "Yes, of

course she's dead! What else would

you expect? Go back to bed—you

can't do no good!"

But the honest farmer, melted by

the child's look of wild, dumb distress,

opened wide his arms.

Iris Brooke flew into them, and burst

into a wild tempest of sobs and tears,

with her face buried on his shoulder.

"Now, what is the use of that?"

said Mrs. Millson, impatiently. "If

you was to cry a gallon measure full,

you couldn't bring her back; and it's

downright folly of Millson to encourage

it."

"But what am I to do without

mamma?" pleaded the child. Where

am I to go?"

"To the asylum, to-be-sure!" promp-

tly answered Mrs. Millson, needless of

her husband's gestures for silence.

"And be thankful that the town finds

so good a home as that for you. Now,

Millson, you needn't be grinning at

me in that sort of a way. Facts is

facts, and I'm only speaking for the

child's own good!"

"I'd rather die," breathed Iris in so

low a tone that only Joab Millson

heard the shuddering syllables. "Oh,

please don't send me there!"

The child's pathetic words served

only to strengthen a resolve that was

gradually forming in the farmer's

kindly heart.

"Becky," he said next morning, to

his wife, "don't send to the asylum

authorities until I have been to the

city. I'll see Mrs. Brooke's folks. You

say you found their address among her

papers?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Millson. "But she

told me herself they wouldn't have

nothing to say to her since she married

against their will. Where's the use of

spending time and money to—"

"Death is a wonderful softener,"

said Joab. "I shouldn't be surprised

if they'd be willin' to do something for

the little gal, arter all. Anyhow it's

worth tryin' for."

His expedition, however, proved ut-

terly fruitless. Mrs. Brooke's relatives,

—a sour-faced old maid and a dirty-

hearted shill-brother—were inexorable.

"She made her own bed," said one.

"Now let her lie upon it!"

"I warned her just how things would

turn out," said the other. "I told her

I washed my hands of her and her

concerns. And I am not one to go

back from my word. What's that you

say? The little girl is not to blame? I

am not chopping logic with you, my good

man. I am simply stating my determi-

nation to have nothing to do with either

Charles Brooke's wife or daughter.

Good morning."

Joab Millson came back home with

his mind made up.

"Which is worst," said he to himself

"to tell a little fib—a 'pious fraud,' the

elder would call it, I s'pose—or to be a

selfish brute. One thing's sartin! I

ain't goin' to let little Iris be sent to

any asylum! And Rebecca's one o'

them women as has got to be managed.

"Well," Mrs. Millson said, as he got